Volume LXXVII CHICAGO, MARCH 2, 1916 Number 1

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Song

I say, bluff March,
You're not so rough a fellow
As you look.
Here's a brook
Will show the sunny yellow
Of heaven's bright arch,
And the leaping little billows
Laugh at pussies on the willows,
Very soon, very soon,—
I say, bluff March!

I say, bright birds,
Ye prophesy a singing
Wide a-field,
And a yield
Of verdure that is springing
To feed blithe herds,
When your wavy shadow passes
Over wavy-wavy grasses,
Very soon, very soon,—
I say, bright birds!

I say, brown buds,
Your greening and your swelling
On the limb,
Set the slim
And misty twigs a-telling
Of sweet rich floods
Of imbibing roots a-pouring,
To the topmost leaf a-soaring,
Very soon, very soon,—
I say, brown buds!

I say, stout heart,
Go out into the weather,
Things of bluffness,
Things of roughness,
That natheless croon together
O' the earth's new start,
Giving noted sign and reason
Of a coming gentle season,
Very soon, very soon,—
I say, stout heart!

—James Vila Blake.

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CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVII. THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1916. NUMBER 1

WHEN UNDER THE ICY EAVES.

When under the icy eaves
The swallow heralds the sun,
And the dove for its lost mate grieves
And the young lambs play and run;
When the sea is a plane of glass,
And the blustering winds are still,
And the strength of the thin snows pass
In mists o'er the tawny hill,—
The spirit of life awakes
In the fresh flags by the lakes.

When the sick man seeks the air,
And the graves of the dead grow green,
Where the children play unaware
Of the faces no longer seen;
When all we have felt or can feel,
And all we are or have been,
And all the heart can hide or reveal,
Knocks gently, and enters in:—
The spirit of life awakes,
In the fresh flags by the lakes.

—*Edgar Lee Masters.*

With this number UNITY enters upon its thirty-ninth year. It has few apologies to offer for the past, fewer predictions for the future. It has done what it could in the way it could. Causes and issues have staved to the forefront and then retired into apparent forgetfulness during these thirty-eight years, but the principles which called it into being still remain, are still the vital issues. The principles of Freedom, Fellowship and Character in religion are still the dominant demands of the age, the fundamental cry of the human soul. The theological interpretations of these principles are for the time being somewhat retired by the more urgent demands for sociological and international interpretations of the same. With a profound sense of gratitude to the friends through whose continuous loyalty UNITY has lived, now that we have known the past, we face the future with a brave heart.

We take great pleasure in giving space in another column to the appeal of Mr. Gifford Pinchot in the interest of the further conservation of our water powers. There is great danger that in the clamor of current politics and the agony of international wars, we forget that vigilance which is the price of liberty. The sordid passion that seeks to exploit public property for private gain is ever at work. The rights of all the public to the wealth of the soil, the forest and the mine, are much farther advanced than the establishment of the public ownership of the waters of the world. In the arid territories the use of the streams for irrigating purposes has been clearly, and perhaps equitably, arranged for by public law but the power of the river as an economic element in public welfare is still too much in the hands of individual exploiters. The rivers of the United States, largely speaking, have power enough to light the homes, manage local transportation lines, milk the cows, and thrash the grain of America. Let the rights of the people be safeguarded. Let the vigilant heed the call of Gifford Pinchot who has ever been the peoples' watchdog guarding their rights to the undeveloped resources of nature.

The absurd lengths to which anti-suffragists are being forced for arguments is being illustrated in Chicago and the West. From Massachusetts comes the message "Woman's suffrage was defeated in the East, in the several states where it was up for consideration this fall, because the men knew the women would be against preparedness and war." As the men of the eastern states have been refusing suffrage to women since it was first presented for a vote in the early seventies we must infer the men of the East are not only wise beyond their generation, knowing that which, alas, is not true, but are also prophets. All these years they must have foreseen that the women in 1915-16 would, if given the vote, be a danger to the safety of our beloved land and traitors to democracy, because they would be for peace not war, for construction not destruction. Oh, wise men of the East, would that your knowledge was based on facts, but alas fear and hysteria are not solely manly virtues. Many women also are humble followers of the doughty colonel, leader of the hysterical preparationists. In Chicago we are told by equally wise men, "The present distressing 'split-graft' controversy is a 'blow at woman's suffrage,'" proving how little women can be trusted to wisely exercise the full powers of citizenship. Strange reasoning this from men! Did Richard Crocker's corruption, so serious that even Tammany had to get from under, prove men should not vote? Is Lorimer, and dozens of others in his class in Chicago, an argument why Chicago men can not be trusted with the ballot? One thing the present revelation does prove. All women do not fit into the political machinery that dominates and demoralizes our city government without cogging the wheels. The usually smooth running machine, kept oiled by graft

and patronage is squeaking horribly, there is danger of something being thrown out of gear. Some one may get hurt. But is that an argument against women voting or merely a proof they do not silently fit into the machine? Is it not barely possible the men are criminally responsible for allowing their political machines to dominate our politics and the women are rendering a real service to civic righteousness by this painful revelation of corruption and graft, fostered and protected by party politics in city affairs?

O. C. S.

At Home at Last

The columns of UNITY for this week were "kept open," to use the technical phrase of the press, for the receiving of the greetings of the Senior Editor on his return home. For nearly three months, a longer period than ever before in the thirty-seven years life of UNITY, he has been out of touch and beyond the power of helping. The first pleasure after the cordial welcome was to turn over the pages of these dozen issues of the paper, which he can say without a touch of egotism he found good reading, very good reading. And his first privilege is to express, first, his gratitude to, and then his delight in, the ability of his faithful associates. His absence served to reveal the fertility and efficiency that lies back of UNITY and the Abraham Lincoln Centre. All the activities of the last named institution were kept intact. Some things done better than ever before. Everything done so well as to justify the faith that the work represented at the Centre and the causes there advocated are impersonal, they depend on no man or set of men.

Lincoln Centre, with a shining face and everything spic and span, welcomed the Editor and his associate to their old place and tasks on Monday morning last, February 28th.

The story of the pilgrimage that carried us through northern seas into the hands of British officials, across the snow-clad hills of Scandinavia, and domesticated us for a month among the Dykes of Holland is too long, too personal, and too inward to be told in the pages of UNITY. But we hasten to take our beloved readers into our confidences long enough to say that we have no apologies to offer for the part we played in this most fantastic pilgrimage undertaken perhaps since the Crusades of the medieval ages. The excursion has been compared, not without reason, not only to the Crusades but to the Children's Crusade. We frankly admit the crudities and incoherences connected with this venture. It goes without the saying that if it had been more wisely gathered and more prudently executed it would in all probability never have been. It was the child of high impulse, nourished by an enthusiasm for an ideal which was undaunted by any array of the improbables and the impossibles.

American readers have been regaled with the stories which gratified the appetite of flippant, unsympathetic, and, to a degree, unscrupulous representatives of the American press. But the true story was not to be told day by day and the results of the adventure not to be estimated in cablegrams or marconigrams. The purity of Mr. Ford's purpose is beyond question. The sincerity of the great majority of the company involved is also beyond question. And that there was a profound impression made upon the four neutral countries visited cannot be doubted by any of those who were allowed to witness the triumphs of the many meetings held in the seven or more cities visited. The press of these foreign countries, not always sympathetic, was always respectful, and the space given was generous.

However grotesque this motly crowd of students, agitators, reformers, press men, business men, teachers and preachers, may have been in the eyes of certain newspaper men of America, University men, statesmen, officials in church and state in the countries visited, greeted them with open arms and took leave of them with tear-moistened eyes.

If the Ford Peace Expedition should end here, it has abundantly justified all the time, strength and money invested. But it does not end here. Something more is to come of it. But it is idle to anticipate. The readers of UNITY may still hold themselves in an expectant mood and with open minds.

Meanwhile there is serious work to be done at home. The United States has fallen victim to the war madness that is bearing Europe to its humiliation, bankruptcy and degradation. The vicious psychology of preparedness, which has undone Europe, threatens to debauch the ideals, to deprave the standards of American democracy.

We return more convinced than ever that armaments are irritants, that every new battleship is a new challenge and every fresh regiment recruited is a dangerous concession to the brute element that still survives in man. In all the meetings held from Christiania to Leyden, the notes looking towards the reduction of armament, to culminate in disarmament, awakened the greatest enthusiasm. Nothing less satisfies the pacifists of Europe, made wise by the pitiable revelations of the follies of armed peace.

The Editor of UNITY returns then to his post at the Lincoln Centre to take his place more determined than ever in the battalions of peace workers that are forever opposed to war and war-like methods. He believes the time has come to preach as never before the gospel of disarmament. The time has come when the boasted Christian Gospel, which is confessed to be effective between individuals, must be enforced be-

tween nations. The United States occupies a divinely appointed place to lead in this warfare against war, to practice the democracy it professes, to be willing if need be to die for the truth, rather than live for error.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Shield's Bill

February 15, 1916.

Editor the UNITY,
Chicago, Ill.

MY DEAR SIR:

I write to ask your help to defeat a most serious attack on our public resources. Since the fight over the Alaska resources was won there has not been so pressing a threat against the Conservation policy as the present effort in Congress to give our public water powers for nothing into monopolistic control .

The Shields Bill, now before the Senate, gives to the power interests without compensation the use of water power on navigable streams. The amount of water power these streams will supply is larger by far than all the power of every kind now in use in the United States. It pretends to, but does not, enable the people to take back their own property at the end of fifty years, for in order to do so under the bill, the Government would have to pay the unearned increment, and to take over whole lighting systems of cities and whole manufacturing plants. Private corporations are authorized to seize upon any land, private or public, they choose to condemn.

Bills which gave away public water powers without due compensation were vetoed by President Roosevelt and President Taft. The Shields Bill would do precisely the same thing today.

Another water power bill, the Ferris Bill, relating to the public lands and National Forests, was in the main a good bill as it passed the House. As reported to the Senate, it encourages monopoly by permitting a corporation to take as many public water power sites as it may please. Under it the corporations could not even be kept from fastening upon the Grand Canyon, the greatest natural wonder on this continent. This bill takes the care of water powers on National Forests from the experienced and competent Forest Service, and gives it to the Interior Department, thus entailing duplication and needless expense.

In my opinion, there is undue carelessness as to the disposal of public resources at present in Washington. The water power legislation now before the Senate is too favorable to the men who, as Secretary Houston's admirable recent report shows, control through eighteen corporations more than one-half of the total water power used in public service throughout the United States. The water power men charge that Conservation hampers development. The Houston report shows, on the contrary, that the most rapid development is in the National Forests, where conservation is best enforced. On the other hand, 120 public service corporations own and are holding undeveloped and out of use an amount of water power equal to four-fifths of all there is developed and in use by all the public service corporations in the whole United States.

As I said in an open letter of January 29 to the President:

"Natural resources lie at the foundation of all preparedness, whether for peace or for war. No plan for national defense can be effective unless it provides for adequate public control of all the raw materials out of which the defensive strength of a nation is made. Of these raw materials water power is the most essential, because without electricity generated from water power we cannot manufacture nitrates, and nitrates are the basis of gunpowder. There are no great natural deposits of nitrates in the United States as there are in Chili. It would be folly to allow the public water powers, which can supply this indispensable basis of national defense, to pass out of effective public control."

A concerted movement is on foot to break down the Conservation policy. Feeble resistance or none at all is being made by official Washington. Unless the press and the people come to the rescue, the power interests are likely to win. This is a public matter wholly removed from political partizanship. Your help is needed, and that of your paper. For nearly ten years this fight for the public water powers has gone on. We ought not to lose it now.

Sincerely yours,
GIFFORD PINCHOT.

Milford, Pike Co., Pa., February 15, 1916.

Unity Endowment

It is three weeks since the appeal was made to the friends of UNITY to clear off the $1,100 necessary to complete the $30,000 endowment. Responses have come from every part of the country and we have reached the $700 mark. The remaining $400 can be easily met by those who have not already subscribed, by sending their one dollars, thereby expressing their sympathy with the ideals for which the journal stands. One friend writes:

Your invitation in UNITY to add to the endowment of that staunch upholder of ideals of righteousness, offers a medium for obeying the injunction at this time when our hearts are aglow with thanksgiving for the position taken by the Senior Editor in standing and sacrificing, enduring, in championing for the cause of peace when it is the object of popular derision and contempt. That he has UNITY for his medium of expression, the record of his experiences, the conclusions of his convictions, the vehicle for transmitting to the readers of today and for posterity the record of his testimony, is reason for insuring the continuance of this messenger without anxiety for its future. I am glad to add the even so little as goes herewith for that purpose.

The postponed Annual Meeting of All Souls Church will occur on March 16th. May we urge that those who have subscribed will send their contributions in order that the books may be closed at that date.

(Mrs.) JESSIE E. SHEARS-CARNOVALE,
5418 East View Park, Chicago.

THE PULPIT

A Series of Seven Sermons—Studies of Shakespearian Women

VII.

"The Footpath Way"

A Shakespearian Sermon

By **Alexander Webster, Aberdeen, Scotland**

For the sake of comparison and correction I present the Shakespearean view of "the narrow way." It is well to turn betimes from the theologian to the scientist, the painter or the dramatist for light on the way of life. If but a new aspect of the way is seen, it may serve to guide the feet.

Shakespeare was aware that the first way is always narrow, because it is made by a single individual. It is the track of the pioneer; and the pioneer is usually alone. He has to face the jungle and requires strong courage. Few there be to undertake the way-making. A way for an idea through a wilderness of superstition implies intellectual hardihood faith and prophetic wisdom. Only the most enlightened and determined follow the path of the pioneer thought. Shakespeare's drama, *A Winter's Tale,* which shows "the footpath way," has in it the whiteness of snow, the healthy vigor of wintry air, and the radiance and cheer of the seasonable hearth fire.

In no other play is the poet so strong and tender-hearted as in this. It is a tale for the family circle, pure and luminous, simple and sagacious, bright with childhood's joy and youth's ardor, and glorious with the grace and majesty of noble womanhood.

The gentle rustle of the snowdrop and the soft sheen of the holly leaf are in it. The lively prattle of a child and the tremulous words of an old man mingle touchingly in its course; the bleating of sheep accompanies the clown's song and the odor of rosemary and rue is in its air. The eager wind of the wilderness blows across it; the filtered murmur of the tempestuous sea is in it and the savage clamor of a wild beast gives the restraining touch of terror to it.

Its purpose is as sacred and its influence as good as that of anything esteemed as holy writ. There is not in the Bible a nobler woman than its heroine, Hermione. She is well matched by Perdita, her daughter, and Paulina, her waiting lady, in feminine intuition and grace, and the three stand together as an admirable trio.

Few, if any, of the heroes of Israel are equals of Camillo in the wisdom and fidelity of counsellorship. The remorse of Leontes is as touching as that of David, the King of Israel, albeit the Sicilian monarch had not sinned so deeply as the Jewish one.

No reproof of hasty, passionate, reckless jealousy could be more incisive and curative than that administered by the serious and skillful dramatist. The scourge with which he beats the froward and fierce king is heavy, but it wounds to cleanse and healthen.

The spirit of the play is invigorating; it affects us like a breath of pure air from the snowy mountains. Our moral sense is braced by it, and we feel that with all its baseness there is much nobility in human nature. We see by it how rich in power the woman's soul is, what majesty there is in domestic affection and what courage there is in a mother's heart.

The opening motive of the play is that of jealousy resembling Othello's, but fiercer and more unjust. In letting it out, Leontes is as turbulent as Antony, though more chaste. His jaundiced passion springs up without reason and works in him with virulent poison. His indignation against his innocent wife is wild; he loses all dignity in it; he forgets what is due to the mother of his son and is altogether unmanly. His passion rises and ceases suddenly, but while it lasts it rages like a tornado. During its vehemence his boy dies, his new-born daughter is cast out, and his wife, whom he had consigned to prison, is reported dead by Paulina.

No one but himself believes in the infidelity of Hermione. His lords remonstrate with him in his headstrong recrimination, but he infatuatedly retains his baseless prejudice.

Over against him in calm dignity stand Hermione. She is among the finest of Shakespeare's women—superb in virtue. Her defence of her impeached wifehood is one of the loftiest pieces of eloquence in all Shakespeare's dramas. As she stands at the bar she equals Portia in forensic grace, but there is a pathos in her speech which excels that of the lady of Belmont. She speaks as wife and mother, and were the king, her husband, not blind with rage and deaf with misapprehension, her speech would have proved resistless.

The vindication of her innocence comes after fifteen years of acute suffering. By the mad severity of Leontes more than one life was sacrificed; these, though he repented, could not be restored. By the devotion of Paulina the life of Hermione was saved, and the loneliness of her hiding cheered.

The reconciling meeting of Leontes, Hermione and the child Perdita is one of the most moving scenes that Shakespeare wrote. The emergence of the woman from the marble of the supposed statue is a marvelous piece of dramatic art.

The play is sad in its cast, but its sombreness is penetrated here and there by blythe humor. Autolycus, whose words I have taken expressly in hand, is the dispenser of breezy wit. Albeit that he proclaims his dishonesty, he is not a bad philosopher. His lyrics are lively and balmy. His first one,

> When daffodils begin to peer

has a fresh, spring emotion in it. He is a wanton wanderer who takes the license of the road, and is ready for any exploit that does not require honesty.

With a carelessness not altogether unwise, he says:

> Jog on, jog on, the footpath way
> And merrily hent the stile—a
> A merry heart goes all the day
> Your sad tires in a mile—a

Autolycus is not without principle though he is a footpad. He has the serpent's wisdom though he lacks the dove's harmlessness.

In one of his parables George Macdonald tells of a company of singers who had it as a rule that whoever made a song had to live in the form of it, and become an incarnation of the lyric. Autolycus did not care for consistency; he sang and disobeyed the inspiration.

On the road, according to the Hebrew story, Jacob and Balaam were met by reproving angels, but Auto-

lycus had no such encounter. If he had met an angel he would have chaffed him about his wings, and even in the face of the cherubim with the quick turning sword he would have made a joke.

But, putting his lightheartedness aside, let us see if there is in his song anything worth assimilating.

> Jog on, jog on, the footpath way
> And merrily hent the stile—a

"The footpath way." What is it? Broad enough for one only, uneven and winding; intended perhaps for a short cut or the beginning of a proper road; up over ridges, down through meadows, a green-fringed country pathway, with flowers to grace its course, and the lark's music over it—such, in Shakespeare's mind, was "the footpath way."

Lowell, tracing it, says:

> It mounts athwart the windy hill
> Through sallow slopes of upland bare,
> And fancy climbs with footfall still
> Its narrowing curves that end in air.

The path for the human foot, bare or shod, for the pleasure seeker and the burden bearer, for the botanist and the beggar, for the roaming artist and the toil-worn cotter is that which begins narrowly and winds steeply, an upland road which loses itself on the stony slopes of the peak.

Perhaps it is familiar as *the Kirk road,* over whose stile the pious parishioners climb decorously on the Sabbath. Here and there the mark of a sheep's foot may be seen on it, the black speck of a crow may mark it, and the leap of a hare may indicate it. But for the house of God few there be that find it.

It is not the broad highway whereon the heavy and continuous traffic of commerce goes, rutted by creaking wheels and belittered with damp malodorous filth, or thick with bacterial dust ready to rise with the whirl of the wind or the swish of a swift motor.

"The footpath way." The poet's way, along which sentiment loves to meander, and in whose windings love delights. Or it is the prophet's road beginning the highway for Truth and God wherein all, at length, may walk in freedom and joy.

> The first faint track already points the way
> Whence lonely men, or guide-led few did climb
> In pious passion for the height, to pray
> And view with glowing face the scene sublime.

Very jaunty and optimistic is the refrain of Autolycus:

> Jog on, jog on. . . .
> And merrily hent the stile-a.

Youth is able and age cannot hurry and, as Lowell sings:

> Its thread-like windings seem a clew
> To gracious climes where all is well.

The road, though narrow, is wide enough for prophetic communion or love's whisperings.

> Once tried, the path would end in Rome,
> But now it leads one everywhere,
> For ever to the new it guides,
> From former good, old overmuch.

"The footpath way" is a simile for a mental road, the pathway of a man's personality, the road of individual faculty, the track of moral character.

No one knew better than Shakespeare what the incidence of character meant. He perceived that each man is specialized by his own constitution and has a path indicated for him by his faculties. Self-respect requires a man to follow the path of his conscience.

Shakespeare has many luminous references to the mental and moral pathway proper to a man. He speaks warningly in Hamlet of "the primrose path of dalliance." That certainly is not the fitting footpath. "That way madness lies." The primrose path has its charm; delight in its beauty is good, but to loiter and dally in it is forbidden to the forward looking soul.

The moral pathway is over "the everlasting flint," the unyielding law, and neither thoughtlessness nor levity is allowed. Seeing the excited eagerness of Romeo, Friar Laurence said:

> Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast,

and observing Juliet's ardent affection, he exclaimed:

> O so light a foot
> Will never wear out the everlasting flint.

Love is needed for the moral pathway, but it should have wisdom in it.

> These violent delights have violent ends,
> And in their triumph die. . . .
> Therefore love moderately; long love doth so,
> Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

But though he warned against hurry and inconsiderateness, Shakespeare condemned lingering and dull inactivity. He speaks of those who "snore upon the flint." That is as evil as to dance upon it wantonly.

In the *Winter's Tale,* Archidomus, speaking to Camillo, and giving invitations to Bohemia, said: "We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses unintelligent may, though they cannot praise us, as little excuse us." Be sure such drinks are bad. Stevenson, in his poem *Mater Triumphans,* speaks of those who are "drugged with slumber and milk," waiting the day of the Lord, when they should be up to "burst the door of kings."

Anything that blunts the moral sense is evil. Specially evil is that which keeps back accusation from wrong. We need to be on the alert for iniquity and ready to speak and act against it.

The healthiest moral signs in the *Winter's Tale* are in the daring of the courtiers to tell the king he was wrong in his thought about Hermione. Promptly and thoroughly they reproved him. Shakespeare always bids us see that station does not justify sin nor rank excuse wrong. "A lie in a king is worse than in a beggar."

To Shakespeare the moral pathway was Truth's lofty way in which a man should not be

> a hovering temporizer
> That canst with eyes at once see good and evil.

The right walker distinguishes and makes choice of good. For the time being Leontes was blinded by his jealousy and could not see morally. In that state he was cruel. He imprisoned his wife, cast out his child and made his court the habitation of cruelty. The light in him was darkness.

Over against him, in his opaqueness of soul, are placed Antigonus and Paulina as exemplars of sympathy. They shelter the wronged and show mercy to the outcast. They act in the compassionate spirit of the dweller on the roadside who sings:

> Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
> Where the race of men go by,
> They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
> Wise, foolish—so am I.

Then why should I sit in the scorner's chair
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend of man.

There are some assurances we can have in "the footpath way:" This is one, to the open soul the way is glorious with divine company:

Every flower
And every bramble dear.

There may come moments of skepticism when the feet hesitate and the brain wavers and we ask:

Who would gravely set his face
To go to this or t'other place?
There's nothing under heaven so blue
That's fairly worth the traveling to.
On every hand the roads begin,
And people walk with zeal therein,
But whersoe'r the highways tend
Be sure there's nothing at the end.

But a better voice speaks—not of the blind fatuous world:

Then follow you, wherever lie
The traveling mountains of the sky,
Or let the streams in civil mode
Direct your choice upon a road;
For one and all, or high or low
Will lead you where you wish to go.

Stevenson himself in his vagabondish mood said:

I have trode the upward and the downward slope
I have endured and done in days before;
I have longed for all, and bid farewell to hope,
And I have lived and loved, and closed the door.

But he felt that the closed door was selfish and narrowing. It was better to be out with men and feel:

Veins of glory and fire
Run through and transpierce and transpire
And a secret purpose of glory in every part,
And the answering glory of battle fill my heart;
To thrill with the joy of girded men,
To go on for ever and fail and go on again.

Another thing we may take to our conscience on the moral footpath way is that life should be a progress, an evolution of character. Naught else is real life.

In *The Immortal Hour* (Fiona Macleod) Dalma, the fool, says:

if I tread the long continuous way
Within a narrow round, nor thinking it long,
And fore a single hour thinking it many days,
I am not first or last, of the Immortal clan,
For whom the long ways of the world are brief
And the short ways heavy with unimagined time.

Voices in the wood (say)
There is no first or last or any end

The footpath way is Truth's continuous, limitless way.

Another sign post notable as we proceed is the uselessness of sentimental regret. "What's gone," said the wise Paulina, "and what's past help should be past grief."

"Every day is a fresh beginning," and at the opening of its footpath we may well say, as the heart corrected Leontes did to Paulina, whose work and service are richly acknowledged:

Lead us from hence, wherein we may leisurely
Each one demand and answer to his part
Performed in this wide gap of time,
lead away.

Many of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges. We let our blessings get mouldy, and then call them "curses."—*George Eliot.*

The Beauties of War

By Bengt Berg

From Oberleutenant Reinauer to Dr. Sigfried Jordan, War-Correspondent of the "Frankfurter Zeitung," written in the trenches at Dunajec

It is quiet out here tonight, and I am making use of the opportunity to write and thank you for the papers with your impressions from our front. Now I am glad that just I happened to be your cicerone those few hours you spent with us; for it makes it easier for me to understand the import of what you say. I read your articles with great interest. But I cannot comply with your wish to show them to the general. The reason I wish to tell you here. You ask me if I recognize in your sketches what we saw together and I will gladly answer your question; but you must make allowances to try and understand that the answer comes from a man whom war has robbed of all unnecessary consideration, and for whom the rose-colored glasses through which you see "the beauties of war" are smashed into tiny pieces by the crude iron hammer of reality.

"The Beauties of War"—yes. I have read your descriptions of them and I understand what you saw of what we saw together. That I saw something quite different may depend on the prosaic cast of my vision.

Let me tell you what fastened itself in my mind's eye of what we saw: I shall quote yourself.

You saw "the wonderful lurid play of flames from some old houses, the colorful romantic beauty of the snowy landscape's blue tones changing from palest azure to deepest violet."

I saw—the houses of a few poor peasants that had been set afire by a Russian shell. To me the fact that they were old was no excuse. The cold that called forth the blue tones in your landscape caused me to see before me thousands of people whose homes were burnt and who would not be warmed by the most glowing enthusiasm for the beauties of war.

Perhaps you will say that I did not understand you, perhaps I lack the artistic perspective; and to be sure I probably do so. For us who live out here the misery and death and moans and corpses are too near to allow of the development of an artistic perspective. To acquire that one must step back from the picture. But even so, let me tell you what I see. All is still here tonight. The Russians have kept quiet since they knocked their heads bloody against our breastworks two nights ago. It is a good thing to be able to kill time with something until the next bloody work begins; so I will tell you what I see.

It will, no doubt, at times seem brusque and prosaic to you. You will have to leave the artistic perspective at the side for once. Defy difficulties and come out here once more. I must have been an all too superficial cicerone at your last visit. Let me this time instead lead you where I know you will see the realties behind the beauties of war. I shall show you the best and most beautiful of this "grand spectacle."

Come up into the mountains with me, where we pursued them after the last battle. Come, I shall only show you a single spot—beauty, nothing but beauty. Rocky crags, green forests, little houses that climb up the mountain side. See over there those sharp peaks on which the sunset glows. That is Tatra, the Mont Blanc of the Carpathians.

It is beginning to get dusk. Look out that you don't fall. The moon will soon rise and then we'll see better. What did you fall against? A dead horse? Oh, that's nothing. Look there, and there, and there, are several more. All have fallen from exhaustion.

The roads are rough up here and the guns are heavy. There is another one. Of that one there is only half left; the other half has been carried away by a shell. It is not a question of beauty exactly, but you know we must have horses in war.

Over there, see, in the snow lie people, too—an old man and a child. Why do they lie there? Well, no one has time to dig down in the frozen ground to bury them now. Perhaps when it begins to thaw, spring will soon come. We have not time to consider whether it is beautiful.

Oh, you want to know why they lie just here, by the horses? Why, you can see that! The old man has cut the horse's belly open with an old pocket-knife, so that they could warm their hands in the newly fallen animal, and so that they could eat the raw meat like animals, to taste the beauty of war.

Look at those. They lived once over there in the country. They, also, once had an old house and some geese, and perhaps a cow. Burnt and blown to pieces all of it. They fled themselves, but nowhere could they find shelter or food, because the beauty of war laid her greedy hand on everything. So they wandered on until they at last fell here and froze to death.

Strange that we should come on them just here, you think. Certainly not. Go a bit further and you will come across more of them. Only we generally don't point them out or speak of them. There is enough misery without that.

Come, let us go further. We are pretty safe here. The Russians don't shoot as zealously at night; you only hear a shot now and then and they hardly reach this far.

What! That young girl is still lying at the wayside? No one has lifted her aside! She was killed by a shrapnel this morning. When she had at last after many prayers obtained leave to go to her father's farm in the firing line to try and rescue their only cow who was forgotten when they fled and must have been starving a week now. She had fetched the cow and had come this far when the firing began at daybreak, and there she lies now.

The soldiers took the cow; and see, they took time after all to cover her face with a rag, because of the crows. Lift the rag and you will see that her face is still beautiful in spite of death. That is beauty, perhaps real beauty in war for once.

Help me. Let us lift her to one side. If wagons come along the road it seems a pity. She is so beautiful and my heart is not yet hardened to beauty.

Be careful; don't touch her head; the back of it has been torn away by a shrapnel; only the face is left unhurt.

Look out! What's the hurry? Now you got blood on your hands! Wash them in the snow there. Here, take my pocket-lamp so that you can see. But don't flash towards the Russian side. We don't care for light signals here.

I'll show you some one who gave such a signal. Come with me to the edge of the forest. He ought to be here somewhere.

What are you shouting for? Oh! you found him and you knocked your head against his knees and he came to life again. Well, why don't you follow me? I would have shown you this piece of beauty.

Just come here again. Light the lamp. The Russians won't see it for the trees. See how he swings there on the branch. Give him a shove so that we can see his face. He sticks his tongue out at us. Look out or some of his loose limbs will fall over us. He was shot through by shrapnel a little while ago where he hangs.

Have a bite to eat? Why not? Because of the man there? I think it's reassuring that he does not live; otherwise they would be shooting at us. Don't let that bother you if you are hungry. We have learnt long ago to enjoy a bit of bread in the face of war's beauty.

You want to go? Very well; but turn round first and take in all the beauty about you.

How bright the stars are; how peaceful nature. The snow lies in deep drifts on the branches of the trees, and over there are houses burning. They are so far away that we can really see them with artistic perspective; but have you stopped to consider that there may be wounded in the flames who have not the strength to find their way out, and must wait patiently until the roof falls in over them?

Wounded? Yes, I'll show you some. We are going to pass a dressing station behind the mountain here. We can go in; then you can wash the blood from your hands properly.

Go quietly. Don't speak loudly. The man in the corner here is a celebrated mathematician. He was hit day before yesterday. His life is not in danger; just a shot in the back of his head. They have not been able to transport him further yet. He was a promising young scientist who joined as volunteer. They expected great things of him. What is he now? A hopeless idiot.

The other one over there has lost both legs and one arm by the same shot. Hit fair by a shrapnel. Interesting cases, aren't they? Beauty for the doctors.

You want to go already? Just as you please. As a matter of fact we must hurry. We must go out to the trenches already tonight. There is a place out in the pass there where you will have an opportunity of becoming more intimate with the beauties of war than ever before. We know from our flyers that the Russians have concentrated their forces there and we are going to attack whilst the ground is still somewhat frozen. It has already begun to thaw in the daytime down in the morasses, and once spring comes we can't make any headway there.

Follow me now. It's getting dark. You think it is hard to walk in the slippery dark, you say? It would be impossible to take you this way in the daytime. We would both be shot. Put your white shirt up over your head; otherwise your dark hat will show against the snow.

Look around now. There is no danger. If they shoot at us it will only be a fluke if they hit. Now you can see the "blue shades" of your landscape. There was more color when it was colder. Look over there; just in the barbed wire maze there is a dark blue shade in the hollow. To my eyes it is a long bog along the ditch there. We have purposely dug ourselves in here so as to have the bog right between us and the Russians. Do you see that darker shade on the other side? It is black, you think? Well, I

won't argue that point. It is the Russian trenches. They are quite near us here. Oh, yes, about 200 yards; but we have the bog between us. Do you see the big black spots on the snow out there? They are earth mounds that the shells have thrown up. See how evenly like a pattern they occur on the white ground, like a leopard's skin, isn't it? It is really beautiful. I thought you would think so.

No, we don't shoot with artillery at night now. Not as a rule.

What is that over there—that dark spot? No, that is no shell splash. That is a corpse that has fastened in the barbed wire and that the snow has therefore not yet covered. The others you don't see; and it is well, for they might spoil the beauty for you.

But we must seek shelter in the soldiers' dug-out.

The Russians attack at night. We don't see so well at night and let the flood approach to within a hundred yards.

Then the firing breaks loose. It spits from all the thousand mouths. The machine guns crack as regularly as clockwork. That is, no doubt, one phase of the beauties of war; but I have no time to look at it. The sight of the onrushing figures out there fascinates me.

The attackers have charged to within a distance of 30 or 40 yards. Then those in the fore stop and totter. Every sixth, every seventh soldier out there falls for every second of the hellfire from our guns; but the gaps are filled equally quickly. It is done in seconds, but it seems like eternity. Do you think any of those men out there would comprehend your view of the beauty of war?

They can't go back. The Russian officers over there have their machine guns ready and drive the poor beggars forward. In front of them is merciless death from the German guns; behind them are their own machine guns which they have had to starve themselves to buy. In spite of that the Russian line breaks and retreats, followed by the fire of our guns.

Out there in the wire they lie now, dead, mutilated, wounded, and no one comes to fetch them.

Before you could not hear anything for the shooting; but when that dies down the very death becomes living. The cries and moans and curses resound from every side. You want to fill your ears with the clay at your side, so as not to grow mad from hearing them.

We? Oh, we are hardened now. It was worse in the beginning. Only it is hard for us to understand the beauty of it.

And we remain in the trenches night and day, and the water of the melting snow runs in and fills the passageways; but we feel that God is merciful to us when we hear the wounded moaning in the bog, because it is not yet we who lie there.

When morning dawns you will see here and there a wounded man slowly disappearing in the bog. The bullets whistle overhead, and you can't see much; but you have enough view from the narrow opening in the armor plate. You know in which direction to look; you can hear it by the cries. Even after the third day you can hear them moaning out there. It has only become fainter.

It has started to rain heavily now and the snow is melting. Spring is coming with its beauty.

Look through the armor plate. Nearest you will see two men who are already dead; one of them was still alive yesterday. You remember, whilst you slept yesterday the sentry could not keep back his shot any longer and it hit him. No one saw it.

They were two brave fellows, who had managed by climbing over their dead comrades to get over the barbed wire entanglement. The others are still there. Look over there in the web of wires how they hang. How many can you count from your little angle of vision—twenty—thirty? Oh, there are more. You don't see them all yet. But if it rains like this a few days, so that the snow melts, the others, that have been covered by this cloak of mercy since the last attack, will appear. But do not look at the dead. We need not feel sorry for them any more. They cannot see anything of the beauties of war. Look further out to the right of the barbed wire entanglement. With the glass you can see well. There is a man in the wire up to his armpits; and over there the bog has caught one lying, only his head and feet stick out. That is because it thaws. The bog is wakening and claiming its prey.

And it rains incessantly and you hear them shriek and groan.

And on the fourth day they still lie there. At last that head with the rolling eyes that stared at one so has sunk. Thank God that awful being that unceasingly opened and closed his hand, one moment clenched it, the next spread out his fingers, opened, closed, opened, closed, through three whole days, and perhaps three whole nights, has been delivered from his torment.

But look at the head over there that still sticks out of the wire—all that remains of the man. He is dead.

No, he is not dead. See how he opens his mouth every five minutes, keeps it open exactly 42 seconds and then closes it again.

Take your watch and count. Look now how he reaches out his tongue and tries to moisten his lips; first the upper lip, then the lower one.

And you can do nothing to help him. So there now, that one is quiet again for five minutes. Before that he shrieked for 20 minutes, so that it pierced your marrow.

You need only look at your watch. They are already all old acquaintances; clock-works by which you can tell the time.

Is that what you call "beauties?" I describe them only too prosaically.

And it rains unceasingly.

And then you must remember that each of these innocent beings out there has a wife and little children, or perhaps an old mother at home, who have just packed little presents to send them, who have taken the last rouble out of the stocking under the straw mattress to buy wool to make warm socks for the dear boy.

It is of the Russians I speak, and, as you notice, I speak without bitterness.

And as the old mother sits in her poor hut pleased and happy at the thought that he has his warm socks, he is sinking slowly into the bog, tortured to death for four nights and days, with a shot in the back from the machine gun which they have gone hungry to buy.

And still it pours! Look, see there, now; five minutes have gone again; that one opens his mouth and gasps for exactly 42 seconds again.

And whilst the children at home are speaking of

papa, and asking grandmother when he will come home, see he puts out his tongue to moisten his bleeding lips, first the upper lip, then the under lip. Now you have five minutes again to think over the beauties of war.

You wish to go. Very well, then. Their suffering will soon be at an end now. Let us steal out into the field whilst it is still dark. You must not imagine that the Russians are dead behind their breastwork because they have not shot at us the last few days. They are lying there considering the beauties of war, just as we are, and can do nothing.

You do not want to hear any more. You wish to get away from this place. Yes, I understand. I also would wish to leave if my country did not lie behind me, threatened. You will go mad, you say? Oh, no; that must not happen, for then you would be like a young ensign we had here. He was at Limanova and saw—I won't tell you what. Suffice it that it affected this poor fellow so that he became mad and attacked everything with his sabre—men, animals, trees, Then he threw himself on the ground and howled, yes, howled: "Fire! death! Mother, help, hell, forward!" hour after hour. We had to bind him and tried to stop his awful shrieking by gagging him with cotton wadding; but he screamed just as crazily: "Fire, death!" . . .

What did you say? I am to stop? Are you so overcome by the beauties of war? Well, we will soon be out where the horses are now. I will ride a bit of, the way to headquarters with you.

You are worn out; you wish to rest in the village, you say. I cannot allow that. It is full of fugitives, typhus, smallpox, spotted fever.

It has frozen a little now, since the rain has stopped. You are cold? Yes, it is deuced cold, and you are wet through. But there is no danger. We will soon be under cover again. Let us ride a bit faster. Remember the poor devil in the bog out there—for four days and four nights the rain beat on his face before he got under cover of the bog.

Over there is beauty for you; bivouac fires; yes, they are always picturesque. Let us ride past them so as to have a better look at the "purple flames"—wasn't it so?

What? You are surprised that there aren't soldiers round the fires. No, to be sure they are not. They are only women, children, old men and cows; a horse and donkey, too. There is no tent or cover, only a little fire that looks so deceivingly big and warm at a distance.

You want to know what these people are here for? Well, I will tell you that. They had to flee from the realities of war, the beauties of it were too overwhelming. They had to flee from their burning homes in the midst of night. You remember the burning fires you saw? And they cannot return for the simple reason that the armies have been fighting for the bit of land where their homes stood, for the last week. Now they have to lie out here in the woods and have nowhere to go because a shrapnel shot, that you find so beautiful, came too near the only roof they had. They managed to tie a few things in a cloth each, and to save a few of the animals. That is what they get of the war.

Why the babies cry? Their mothers had nothing to eat during their flight and therefore mother's milk is very scarce.

The woman out there in the ditch? She is lying in travail.

Why don't we help them to get behind the front? Try yourself and see if you can get them to go fifteen miles a day in their starving condition. We have done what we could. These are the remainder that have not the strength to go further.

"The purple flames" of these fires are a beautiful sight, are they not?

What the soldiers over there are doing? I will show you that before we pass. See, now they are coming in this direction. They are giving the hungry women and children food. You can see that every evening when the fieldpost has arrived. They often do not dare to come before it is dark. Then they sneak out a few together when they have a moment's leisure, with the presents that the post has brought them in their arms, and go from fire to fire until there is nothing left for themselves. Then they go back to their dry bread, contented. This surprises you? It seems very natural to them. At home they each have a mother, a wife or a child. And they see war in all its awful reality and hear the moans and children's cries. It is only the beauty of the bivouac fires that escapes them.

But I am afraid I am keeping you too long. Farewell.

Peace At Any Price

Are we for "peace at any price?" Let us face the issue squarely. When we do this, the phrase has no meaning. For when the question really comes up, there is no peace to be had at any price. If any price will bring peace, *real* peace, let us pay it. In this war no peace was offered at any price to Serbia, to Belgium, to France. Some sort of peace was offered at a price to Austria, Russia, Germany and Great Britain. Should these nations have taken it at the price? This question each may answer for himself. And paying the price, would they have had peace, real peace, well worth the cost? And when real peace is offered, whatever the price, there is no need to talk of war.

What could not Europe have afforded to pay to prevent the great catastrophe? What has war cost Europe and when will it be able to repay?

And for us, we would see the price lists first. With Lincoln, we would count the cost. If we do not, it may stagger us. And will we get peace when we pay for it? Not the armed peace of fear and hate, for that is war scarcely half disguised, but the peace of mutual trust and international confidence. Sooner or later that must come, for as sure as the day follows night, the principle of federation must succeed unbalanced nationalism in the development of the civilized world.

—*David Starr Jordan.*

The most truly religious thing that a man can do is to fight his way through habits and deficiencies, and back to pure, manlike elements of his nature, which are the ineffaceable traces of the divine workmanship, and alone really worth fighting for.—*Weiss.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of Christianity

Stepping Stones Across the Centuries from Paul to Luther

Being the Sixth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

III.

The Three Creeds

TEXT: *"No noble deed has ever been done among men where the divine word has not visited the soul."* —*Origen* 185-253.

A study of the "Three Creeds" is very necessary in trying to trace the growth of Christianity from the simplicity of the New Testament, found in the words of the Master,—"Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the Kingdom," to that tremendous thing of power, the Catholic Church of the Fifteenth Century. The three great creeds of Christendom are the so-called "Apostles Creed," the "Nicaean Creed," and the "Athanasian Creed," all three authoritative in the Catholic and Episcopal Churches today.

We exclude the Greek Church in our study as it is not in the line of our study this year. Some day we will be sufficiently intelligent and sufficiently liberal to make a place for that great stream of Christianity that culminated in the Greek Church of which the Czar of Russia is the ecclesiastical head and which we Western people have a smug way of dismissing as a negligible quantity.

Our descent is traceable from the Latin Church. We are concerned with the development of the three great classic creeds, out of which all the other creeds, —the Long and Short Catechisms, etc., down to the last Congregational Creed still in the making, have come. Back of these creeds there are three great theological leaders, Origen of the third century, Augustine of the fifth and Calvin of the fifteenth century. These men hang together. One prepared the way for the other. Protestant students are apt to think of Calvin as the great authority for simon-pure orthodoxy but scholars know that John Calvin's was the fundamental philosophy of Augustine and that Augustine's can be traced back to Origen. Origen was a scholar saturated with the philosophy of Alexandria which was the headquarters of what is called the New Platonism, the home of Philo the scholarly Jew who tried to reconcile Sokrates and Moses. And this unifying process of Philo was a theosophic process making the two stand for the same thing by a mystical, symbolic interpretation. He was a sort of "before Christ" Swedenborg who straightened out all the kinks of Jewish scripture by giving the symbolic meanings.

Christianity, a continuous stream, clearly began in the words of the Carpenter's Son, as he talked to peasant people, laying the foundation of the spiritual life in the integrity of the human soul and the demands of the moral law. This is the Jesus we find in the three "Synoptic" Gospels. But when Jesus had been in the grave a hundred or more years, and we come to the fourth Gospel, the story of Jesus had run into the stream of theosophic life and thought which came down from Alexandria. Out of this period of the second century came the Apostles Creed.

In the fourth Century Constantine had declared the Christian as the State religion. He took it into politics and here began the manipulations of expediency that led to power.

On the eastern shores of the Mediterranean the battle raged as to who and what and where Jesus was, his nature and character, some removing him farther and farther out of the realm of the natural into the supernatural, others holding fast to his earthly vestments. The battle reached its climax in Alexandria between two pugnacious leaders. Arius, who is described as a hard, severe, keen, high logician, loving disputes, challenging argument right and left, and Athanasius, enthusiastic, romantic, hot where Arius was cold, full of passion and ferver and fantastic philosophy. Christianity was shaken from center to circumference. Constantine declared that the Christianity he stood for must be authoritative, final and clear. And it was the Emperor, the politician, who issued the order for a great council that should settle the thing once and for all.

In the year 325, in an insignificant little town,—Nicaea, thirty-eight miles out of Constantinople, there was assembled one of the most spectacular and dramatic religious councils ever held on the globe. There were present three hundred and eighteen bishops, leaders in the churches of the day. The debate, hot and turbulent, lasted two months. Constantine was supposed to be in sympathy with the Arians as was his sister, but politician as he was, he threw his influence on the side of Athanasius' contention. And by a bare majority Jesus was voted to be a member of the Trinity and we have the Nicaean Creed as the edict of that great convention.

But Arias was not dead and many Christians never bowed the knee to the Athanasian Creed. The Teutonic mind for several hundred years was Arian. After two years Constantine had become an active propagandist of the Arian doctrine and near the end of his life was baptized by an Arian priest. Another council was called to open up the question again, but before it convened Arias, while walking the street one day, fell dead, the inference being that the Lord Almighty had interfered.

In 381, fifty-six years later, a Council was called by the Emperor Theodosius at Constantinople at which there were a hundred and fifty bishops present, of whom none were from the West.

431 A. D., fifty years later, Theodosius II called a conference at Ephesus at which were two hundred delegates, only two of whom were Latin.

451 A. D., twenty years afterward, still another council was called at Chalcedon, under the Emperor Marius, where were six hundred bishops.

These Councils kept tinkering with the creeds and are still doing it, but they have never been able to disturb the majority represented by the orthodox church at Nicaea.

We have in original documents the results of these

four councils very graphically summed up. The Nicaean Council, beside the Creed, passed twenty "Canons" or rules, all pertaining to hierarchical and ecclesiastical conditions. These Canons show how far we have gotten from the distressing things of that time. Canon 3 reads:

The great Synod has universally denied permission to either bishop, or presbyter or deacon, or any one at all in the clergy, to have an intimate female house companion, except it be a mother, or a sister, or an aunt, or such other woman as has escaped all suspicion.

This shows the tendency to monasticism.

Canon 11:

Regarding those who have fallen away, yet not under compulsion, nor for fear of confiscation of property or personal risk or the like (in other words, under conditions such as characterized the tyranny of Licinius), the Synod has decided to extend clemency to them, even though they are unworthy of kindly consideration. All these, therefore, who truly repent, if they were formerly among the "faithful," shall spend three years of penitence as "hearers," for seven years they shall be "kneelers," and for two they shall join with the people in the prayers, without, however, participating in the "oblation" (the eucharist).

The second Council succeeded in passing six "Canons." The first rule concerning the creed, "The Nicene faith must be maintained and all heresies anathematized." The heresies are listed as, Eunomian or Anomaean, the Arian or Eudoxian, the Semi-Arian or Pneumatomachian, the Sabellian, the Marcellian, the Photinian and the Apollinarian.

The convention at Ephesus, smaller and farther out of the way, passed only eight rules and left the Creed practically untinkered. The Pelagian heresy was voted against, Pelagius, the leading heretic at that time, commands our sympathy to a greater degree perhaps than Arius.

It is not easy to account for the so-called Athanasin Creed which came into being somewhere in the fifth or sixth century. The most rational explanation is that it really never was formulated as a creed but as a choral exercise, open to variations. It is said that Brook Herford once asked Phillips Brooks: "How in the world can you read that kind of stuff?" "I don't, I sing it," was the reply.

The whole battle of the Unitarian and Trinitarian Creeds practically raged about the spelling and pronunciation of one Greek word,—*Homoousion,* meaning of the same substance, Jesus was of the same substance with the Father, or *Homooision,* similar substance, like but not the same. These words have torn the centuries, made martyrs after martyrs. For this Calvin consented to the slow burning of Servetus. And from this evolved the five points of Calvinism:

1. Original Sin.
2. Predestination.
3. Free Grace.
4. Vicarious Atonement.
5 Persistence of the Saints.

Arius was a poor Unitarian but on the way to liberal Christianity. Dr. Hedge, one of the American Unitarian Fathers, went far enough to say that the standpoint of Athanasius was nearer right than that of Arias in so far as a three-fold God is nearer a manifold God. Now we think of a manifold God, manifested in a thousand ways, in all life and in all times, under divers conditions, coming to the revelation that Athanasius groped for.

QUESTIONS.

(1) Name the three creeds from which all other creeds of the Christian Church have sprung.
(2) Trace the influence of Alexandria on the growth of these Creeds.
(3) Name three of the great thelogical leaders of the period which developed the creeds.
(4) Give place and time of three of the most important Councils of the early church.
(5) Write a brief account of Calvin and name the five main points of his teaching.

The Book Lover

Anthology of Magazine Verse; 1915. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. New York, Gomme and Marshall.

The rising tide of American magazine poetry has been ably and felicitously demonstrated the past few years in the annual appearance of Mr. Braithwaite's Anthology, in which series the volume for 1915 numbers twelve. These compilations, compiled with rare poetic insight and large-minded judgment which measures poetic utterance in terms of both sound and sense, have as one reviewer says, "become a necessity to every reader who wishes to know what contribution our country is making to the world's imaginative literature."

The present number is a compendious volume which opens with an Introduction, poetically conceived; an Analogue in which the spirit of poetry is symbolized in the capricious, mystical and haunting month of April: "The April mood sanctifies the poet's dream..." Mr. Braithwaite has no poetic creed, but is able to catch a melodic line enclosing a prophetic utterance of praise, warning or moral appeal, wherever he finds it. Accepted singers of Parnassian right to the title like Underwood Johnson and Edith Wharton are here along with a host of newer names, writers of free verse with no rhyme and less meter, but with a lyrical lilt and swing, buccaneer grace and wilfulness which would win them entrance through more inhospitable portals. Vachel Lindsay with his Chinese Nightingale, Amy Lowell, one of whose contributions is printed in prose form, Edgar Lee Masters of Spoon River fame. "Poetry," says the impartial editor, "has a way of being itself in spite of the efforts from time to time to make it something else."

The selections number 100. There is an index of poems and poets that appeared in the magazines the past year, and reprints from leading reviewers on The Best Poetry of 1915. Space forbids quotation, but UNITY, pursuing its mission of peace, will want to reprint Miss Peabody's Men Have Wings at Last and the Return of August, by Percy MacKaye.

C. P. WOOLLEY.

HOLY DAYS.

The holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart,
The secret anniversaries of the heart,
When the full river of feeling overflows,—
The happy days unclouded to their close,
The sudden joys that out of darkness start
As flames from ashes; swift desires, that dart
Like swallows singing down each wind that blows!

—Henry W. Longfellow.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE LINCOLN CENTRE FELLOWSHIP DINNER.

At the monthly dinner of the Fellowship, the Hon. Francis Neilson, a member of the English Parliament, was the guest of honor and the speaker.

He paid his respects first to the Lincoln Centre, and especially the great Welshman and great Democrat who presides over it, and then took up his topic for the evening, Internationalism and World Peace. He stated that long before the outbreak of the present war he had discarded the old nostrums about patriotism and stood for world peace through internationalism. He had with many others, realized the fatuity of the Boer and Crimean wars, how easily they could have been avoided, and how little they really settled.

The speaker glanced at the conditions existing in the various countries of Europe just before the war broke out and the reasons given by various interests for that outbreak. The market extension idea figured strongly in some groups; the acquisition of territory loomed big in many minds, particularly in the minds of prospective concessionaires; the Bagdad railroad was given some prominence, but imperialism and imperialistic ambitions led all other causes.

The question that faces Europe today is what the future is going to be, weakened as it will be by its awful financial debt and an inferior generation born of young girls and old men. Above all is it important that the kind of peace shall be effected which shall settle things in such a way as to prevent a repetition of this or any other war.

The speaker briefly showed the fallacy of the claims of those who would attempt to found real and lasting peace primarily upon the idea of the evacuation of all conquered territory. He asked:

"Would such a settlement on national lines put Poland, Finland, Ukraine, the Balkans, Persia, Egypt or India back just where they were at the beginning of this war, or which war? How far back must you go to deal justly with them all? Any kind of a national settlement would leave separate nations having frontiers, and having frontiers you would still have fortifications and armies and navies. We must look to a settlement that may have an international tendency. I have not thought of the question of machinery because before that it must be our duty to cultivate a great body of public opinion in the world on this question of internationalism, a public opinion which will demand that at the time and place when and where the articles of peace are drawn up, the people shall be present as well as the representatives of imperialism who have in the past controlled such settlements.

What Europe must look to in the future is the American ideal. In a United States of Europe the conditions would be much the same in many ways as in your United States of America."

Miss Florence Holbrook, just returned from the Ford expedition, spoke of the work done by that organization and also announced that when the articles of peace are drawn up at which the people will assist, the women of the world will also be there officially. A. L. K.

"PREPAREDNESS."

Those who assume that, as a matter of course, Japan or Germany could conquer the United States with great ease should attend a night school class in history.

We have double Japan's population and ten times her wealth. Our credit is the best in the world, and 6,000 miles of salt water separate Japan's navy from a better one of our own and California.

We have 35 per cent more people than Germany, 200 per cent more wealth and 3,000 miles of ocean lie between us.

When England, which already had possession of the American colonies prior to 1775, tried to hold them, it had several times their population, a dozen times their available wealth, undisputed control of the sea and a big army.

England seized Boston, then New York, then Philadelphia and then Charleston. It sent hither the largest army which that empire had ever shipped across an ocean. It hired 29,000 Germans, many of them the ancestors of England's foes today, to battle against the Americans.

For seven years England struggled and still failed.

I have no patience with the man who says: "Why, Germany could send a fleet to lie off New York and bombard it into submission. It could then land an army, capture the town and hold it indefinitely."

So can a primary school boy lick Jess Willard. All he has to do is to catch the champion fighter of the world in such an amiable mood that he will sit down in an easy chair, smoke a cigarette and permit the lad to beat his brains out with a baseball bat.

I submit this query: Can a nation with only 65 per cent of our population and a third of our wealth and a fifth of our natural advantages, transport an army of a couple million soldiers 3,000 miles across the Atlantic and find us

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asleep? If not, what would we be doing?

One man says to me: "Oh, but we are not prepared."

Not, eh? Well, we have more money, more men, more food, more iron, more coal, more timber, more factories, and more cotton, than Germany.

While it was taking a fleet of 100 fast ships six months to bring a million soldiers to America from Germany, we could be doing something in the way of defense.

We are the only great nation that can live upon itself and by itself. We can't be starved. We can't be deprived of clothing. We can't be robbed of our fuel and iron.

England in 1775 was theoretically as much greater than the American colonies as England, France and Germany combined are greater than the United States today. But the Declaration of Independence is the record of what that supposed preponderance availed.

It took the British Empire with 375,000,000 people three years to subdue the Boer Republics having but half a million. Why? South Africa was too far off!

Russia's 150,000,000 could not prevail against Japan's 45,000,000. Why? Ten times as far from the scene of fighting. Had Japan tried to cross Siberia and invade Russia it would never have gone home.

Napoleon led an army of 500,000 to Moscow, but Marshal Ney staggered back across the Niemen some months later with only 30,000. The Czar said General Winter was his best officer, because it saved him from the French.

The Atlantic is our great defense against Europe, and nobody appreciates that so much as Europe itself. But it is not our only defense by a long shot, and Europe also knows that.—*Girard, in the Public Ledger, Philadelphia, May* 15, 1915.

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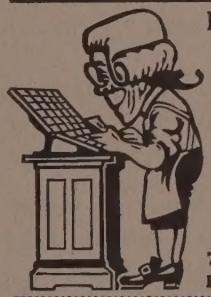

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